

# MOTHER EARTH

Vol. V

JANUARY, 1911

No. 11

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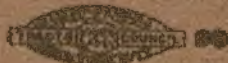
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EMMA GOLDMAN - - - - PUBLISHER  
ALEXANDER BERKMAN - - - - EDITOR

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# **Anarchism and Other Essays**

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# MOTHER EARTH

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Vol. V

JANUARY, 1911

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**ANARCHISM**—The philosophy of a new social order based on liberty unrestricted by man-made law; the theory that all forms of government rest on violence, and are therefore wrong and harmful, as well as unnecessary.

\* \* \*

**ANARCHIST**—A believer in Anarchism; one opposed to all forms of coercive government and invasive authority; an advocate of Anarchy, or absence of government, as the ideal of political liberty and social harmony.

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## TO OUR READERS

The office of MOTHER EARTH has been removed to No. 55 West 28th Street. Kindly send all communications to the above address.

## OBSERVATIONS AND COMMENTS

THE warfare of the capitalist class against organized labor in California is reaching a very acute stage. The authorities of Los Angeles are paving the way for a class-trial of prominent unionists in connection with the explosion in the *Times* building. The packed grand jury has already given clear indication as to what is to be expected. Indictments have been found against twenty-two persons, whose identity—with three exceptions—is for the present kept secret.

That the grand jury was completely the tool of General Otis and his coterie of exploiters, is quite evident from its official remarks concerning the unions. The finding of the committee chosen by the State Federation of Labor to investigate the *Times* explosion, the grand jury characterizes as a farce and claims to be "satisfied that the perpretrators of the terrible catastrophe have been members of labor unions and officials and organizers therein, and, moreover, intimately associated and connected with certain leaders and high officials of labor unions."

There can be no doubt that the plutocracy is preparing at Los Angeles another Moyer-Haywood trial, and that it will not hesitate to repeat the Chicago tragedy of 1887. In their audacity the capitalists of Los Angeles have gone so far as to organize a Vigilance Committee to aid their nefarious scheme. It is up to the workingmen of America to take immediate action to prevent the planned outrage.

\* \* \*

For several months the I. W. W. has been carrying on a fight for free speech in Fresno, California. More than a hundred men have been jailed in that time for merely attempting to hold public meetings on the streets of that city, for the purpose of propagating their ideas. The I. W. W. was refused that privilege, although it was granted freely to the Salvation Army and other concerns that are not considered dangerous to the master class. The I. W. W. only was discriminated against by the "lawful" authorities of Fresno. The same thing was seen in Spokane last winter.

But sometimes there is a hitch in the "legal proceedings." Some stubborn judge, with more respect and regard for the "spirit of the law" than for the letter of precedent, occasionally decides against the master class. That happened in Fresno. F. H. Little, arrested and brought to court on the charge of "disturbing the peace" by speaking on the street, was discharged by a local judge, on the ground that no law existed to forbid his speaking on a public highway. That virtually settled the right to speak for the I. W. W., and according to reports in the capitalist press, the Chief of Police ordered his patrolmen not to further molest I. W. W. speakers. The fight was apparently won.

What happened then? Just what has happened many times before. A mob of "respectable citizens" took the law into their own hands. Incited by the Fresno papers, which had been suggesting a "Vigilance Committee" for weeks, this mob attacked the I. W. W. headquarters, burned the same, and assaulted and tried to drive out of town all I. W. W. members they could get their hands on. The mob even attempted to storm the jail with threats to lynch the fifty or more union men held therein. The masters, defeated in their attempts at legal trickery, resorted to open violence.

\* \* \*

A SIMILAR state of affairs is dominant in Tampa, Florida, where the cigarmakers are on strike. Two Italian unionists have been lynched, organizers driven from the city, and the headquarters of the strikers set on fire—all with the secret connivance of the city authorities.

\* \* \*

WHAT is the trend of all these events? They clearly indicate the desperate mood of the ruling powers. The exploiters are quick to trample upon their boasted legality whenever the latter does not seem to answer their purposes. They feel nothing but contempt for the peaceful and loyal spirit of their slaves.

\* \* \*

THE workers of France have recently demonstrated to the world a most effective method of opposing class justice. Jules Durand, secretary of the coal team-

sters of Havre, had been sentenced to death on the charge of instigating the murder of a strike-breaker. As a matter of fact, it was an ordinary street fight between strikers and scabs, in which one of the latter lost his life. The death sentence aroused strong protests throughout France. One hundred and twenty members of the Chamber of Deputies signed the protest against the execution of Durand. But it was the threat of a general national strike, together with the active preparations for a demonstration of the workers against the President, that effected the commutation of Durand's death sentence to imprisonment for seven years.

The workers of France will not rest satisfied with this act of governmental "clemency." For the present, however, the life of Durand has been saved. The ruling class was forced to bow to the determined will of the proletariat.

\* \* \*

THE suicide of Sasonov, the brave executioner of the tyrannous Plehve, and of five of his fellow-sufferers in Eastern Siberia, once more throws in sharp relief the sublime heroism of the Russian revolutionists. Sasonov and his comrades took their lives because the director of the prison, having exhausted his list of ingenious tortures, introduced the now extinct custom of flogging prisoners.

Sasonov and his five comrades protested, but their protest was in vain with the prison authorities, and the outside world it did not reach. They then decided that if they could not protest in life, they would protest in death. By committing suicide, all at the same time, they hoped that this news would break through the prison walls, would travel to civilization and disclose the actual conditions of horror and torture prevailing in Russian prisons.

And they were not mistaken. Their protest was heard. It was heard among all classes. The students of Russia, however, were the first to take up the protest of Sasonov and his five comrades. There is not a university in Russia where there have not been strikes since the news of Sasonov's death. Everywhere the students turn the lecture halls into places for mass meetings and protest against the government. There is not

a higher institution of learning where the students, both men and women, have not expressed their flaming hatred of the government in uncertain terms. Our capitalist papers, however, printed little or nothing about these student uprisings.

\* \* \*

THE English government has lately achieved immortal disgrace. If ridicule were fatal, Winston Churchill would now be among the dead. Just think of it! An army of fifteen hundred police, reinforced by two companies of Scots Guards with machine guns, took the field against—just two men. Still more, the brave army failed to capture the “enemy,” who held out against them almost a whole day, the attacking forces finally setting fire to the house and literally burning to death the heroic defenders.

Were those men Anarchists? No one knows. The press is now retracting the sensational reports spread broadcast after the battle of Houndsditch. The supposed bombs, since discovered in the débris, have turned out to be harmless implements used by button makers. Yet one thing is certain. The incident is being exploited to abolish in England the right of asylum for political exiles. We are strongly inclined to believe that the Russian secret police are behind the scenes. They have purposely driven those two men to desperation, in order to impress the English people with the “dangerous” character of the Russian revolutionists. That the Liberal government so eagerly played into the hands of the Russian authorities proves how reactionary and degenerate it has become. The Russian *agents provocateurs* have all cause to congratulate themselves.

\* \* \*

ASQUITH and his colleagues have recently given fresh proof of their stupidity by ordering the arrest of Edward F. Mylius on the charge of “sedition.”

Mylius was guilty of distributing copies of the *Liberator*, edited in Paris by Edward Holton James. In the December issue of that publication the editor discusses the marriage at Malta (in 1890) of the present King of England, and expresses a few plain truths for the edification of the royal family. The Liberal lickspittles lost no

time in confiscating the issue and arresting the author. But what would have happened if Mr. James had portrayed the dissolute life of Edward, Prince of Wales, or had even hinted at the "marriage" of Victoria with her lackey Brown?

\* \* \*

WE take pleasure in announcing to our friends the book of Comrade Emma Goldman, *ANARCHISM AND OTHER ESSAYS*, just issued by the Mother Earth Publishing Association.

The work consists of twelve essays—lectures which have, during the last twenty years, attracted the attention of a large public, and which were repeatedly suppressed by the police authorities of various cities. These lectures have now been put in book form, together with a biographic sketch of Emma Goldman, by Hippolyte Havel.

In her preface Emma Goldman says: "These essays represent the mental and soul struggles of twenty-one years,—the conclusions derived after many changes and inner revisions."

We feel confident that our readers will find the book highly interesting and instructive. (Cloth, \$1.10, post paid).

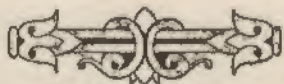
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## TO JAPAN

By FRANCIS ADAMS.

*Simple you were, and good. No kindlier heart  
Beat than the heart within your gentle breast.  
Labor you had, and happiness, and rest,  
And were the maid of nations. Now you start  
To feverish life, feeling the poisonous smart  
Upon your lips of harlot lips close-pressed,  
The lips of Her who stands among the rest  
With greasy righteous soul and rotten heart.*



## TOLSTOY

By MAX BAGINSKI.

A FEELING as of children who had just lost their parents, and are left alone and desolate, overcomes us at the fresh grave of Tolstoy. The strong hand which rested so mildly on the heads of the unfortunate, yet could at the same time so effectively castigate the vainglorious and the powerful, has become lamed. The voice which in our day called loudest for justice, is mute. The passionate heart of the spokesman and defender of the poor has ceased to beat. The poor lost a support; the strong, in the very midst of the battle, lost the noblest soldier in their ranks.

Individuals are easily replaced. But the man of genius, strong in thought as well as in action, appears—like comets—at rare intervals on the horizon of mankind.

Our times are essentially petty and miserable, however loud we brag of our external achievements. Men and women are transformed into counting machines, and society turned into a chaos of antagonistic interests. Like Jesus far above the Pharisees, usurers, and money changers, Tolstoy towered high above the hum and clatter of our day, pointing the way toward a New Land. He was one of those great utopians who are in truth the prophets of an approaching reality. Only those who do not know the artist, the profound observer and psychologic realist—the author of "War and Peace" and "Anna Karenina"—may talk of Tolstoy as a vague dreamer. He is the greatest realistic writer of his epoch. His works and teachings are permeated by that intimate sense of reality and tremendous power of perception which one would look in vain for among mere phantasts.

Life and ideas are closely interwoven in Tolstoy. He would *live* his ideas. This individual attempt to live a life contrary to established civilization, raised him, even more than his writings, to that effectual pinnacle from which he exercised the powerful influence of a universal torch for the human conscience. He broke with all social conventions, with the State, Church, and economic institutions. He refused obedience to the State, denied the leadership of the Church, and while his immediate

kin dumbly witnessed his passionate struggles, the octogenarian left his home—the place of his birth—to seek a refuge in which to breathe his last free breath.

Mr. George Kennan wrote in the *Outlook* that Tolstoy left his family to join a colony at Krinitsk, in the Caucasus, founded there by his followers and known as the Tolstoy settlement. The members of this colony had been condemned in November, 1909, for "conspiracy to overthrow the existing form of government," and were sentenced to prison terms varying from six months to a year. "It is possible," Kennan writes, "that Tolstoy hoped in the last year or years of his life to share some of the trouble and sufferings that his teachings had brought to this little band of faithful disciples."

If Mr. Kennan's assertion is correct, it might at least free us from the horrible thought that Tolstoy, in his 82nd year, overcome by desperation like King Lear, sought flight into the solitude of the desert.

Several of his critics have reproached Tolstoy for having failed to do so long before: that he did not, like Francis of Assisi, divest himself of his clothing and add that also to the possessions he had cast aside. But that would have proved a mere caricature. It is not possible these days to live like John the Baptist. The stream of visitors and impudent interviewers, steadily pouring into Yasnaya Poliana, would have still more importuned him had he fled into solitude; they would have trailed him into the very woods and caves, to find material for sensational articles.

Externally considered, the life of Tolstoy seems full of the sharp contradictions which fill every life that struggles for liberation and yearns to free the will from the bondage of the merely sensual desires.

The young Tolstoy studies jurisprudence and later rejects all law: "We know how laws are made; we have all been behind the scenes; we all know that the laws are products of selfishness, deception, partisanship; that true justice does not and cannot dwell in them." . . . "Government is an association of men who do violence to the rest." . . . "All governments, the despotic and the liberal alike, have in our time become what Herzen has so aptly called a Jenghis Khan with telegraphs."

After jurisprudence, military service. Tolstoy serves in a regiment in the Caucasus, distinguishes himself in the Crimean war, but resigns from the army after the war is over. He becomes the most hostile antagonist of patriotism and militarism.

Shortly before his death it was reported that Tolstoy had been offered the Nobel Prize for the services he had rendered to the cause of universal peace. The Nobel Prize for an anti-militarist rebel! Every king, statesman, and general must have been filled with horror at that report. Tolstoy called upon the youth to refuse military service, to throw away their guns, to forge their swords into ploughshares, and to leave the great generals and commanders alone on the battlefield. In the eyes of government he was a disturber guilty of high treason.

Tolstoy knew that Carnegie's peace palace at The Hague is cemented with the blood of the toilers, and that the representatives of the State, with their arbitration tribunals, but play a wretched comedy. "It is impossible," Tolstoy says in his essay on "Patriotism," "to establish international peace in a rational way, by treaty or arbitration, so long as the insensate and pernicious subjection of nations to governments continues to exist." He fully agrees with the persecuted Anarchists in saying that "governments need armies particularly to protect them against their oppressed and enslaved subjects."

Were Tolstoy not too big for the Russian autocrat, he would have paid with his life, or with exile in Siberia, for his rebellious views. As he himself has said, the usually so brutal Russian government was too cowardly "to bite him; it dared only to scratch."

After his marriage with Sophia Andreievna Bers, Tolstoy apparently enjoys, as owner of Yasnaya Poliana, the peace and pleasures of life in the country. He attends to the household economies, the flocks, and everything that pertains to the management of the estate. But at the very time when his fame as an author grows widest, his heart burst with the cry that his existence is a heavy burden to him. "My life is empty, meaningless, unbearable." He is haunted by the thought that only suicide will bring relief. He is saved from

this thought—he tells us in his “Confessions”—by the growing intimacy with the working people, the peasants. He learns that their useful labor and simplicity of life give to their existence purpose and meaning, while the life of the rich idlers is not only useless, but harmful, because it oppresses the workers with great burdens, poverty, and slavery. How may he enjoy luxury, noble contentment, esthetic culture, when he realizes that all these are created at the cost of the oppressed and disinherited?

There are the peasants. Their existence is a ceaseless battle with want and hunger, with the greed of the landlord and the power of the State, which presses from the meager pockets high taxes and by force drives their sons into military service. These sons could help their parents with the farm work, but the State takes them away to train them for the profession of man-slaughter.

Again, there are the house servants. They rise with the earliest morning to prepare the comforts of their masters and their families. When the latter leave their soft pillows, they find the breakfast table ready, laden with tempting food. The Mocca is steaming, the fresh-baked rolls are inviting, the fruit and flowers freshly gathered. Their fine clothes and shoes have been cleaned and polished while they were asleep or idling. The reward of the servants for all this work and devotion consists in contempt and scolding.

It is no different in the large cities; perhaps worse. The life of the toilers in the factories is dull and unnatural; they even lack sufficient air in their holes of homes. Many have no homes at all, no roof to shelter them on cold, wintry nights. They may starve for lack of the most absolute necessities. Governments, charities, the Church, the possessing and cultured classes witness all this misery with cold eye and unfeeling heart. Their great powers, privileges, their wealth, inexhaustible resources, and fine manners but seem to mock this misery.

Of what meaning, what use is to these masses of poor, despised sufferers our boasted civilization? A cold irony. What is the State for them? The knout, the carbine, the prison. Money and wealth? A greedy, heartless monster. The Church? A shameless hypocrite.

With these questions and answers trembling in his heart, Tolstoy sanctifies himself to the poor. He endeavors to share the simplicity of their life in his own external and internal daily existence, in which attempt he meets the hostility of all the virtues of good society, the family, and business morals.

Now, in his search for the solution of these great problems, he returns to the original teachings of Jesus. Not, however, in the sense of Christian dogmas; for as he explains, "of a god, external creator, origin of all origins, we know nothing."

The gospel of love, as given in the Sermon of the Mount, becomes his fundamental belief. The hierarchs of the Church knew full well that he was concerned only with the human side of the teachings and life of Jesus, and that he hated the dogmas and superstitions with which the minds of the people are darkened and stupefied. This "real Christian," Tolstoy, was eager to tear asunder the Christianity of the hierarchic greed for earthly power. To him, the Church was not the way to salvation; she was, like the State and private property, the greatest obstacle in the path of reason, peace, and tolerance.

As the Tsar expressed his condolence at the death of Tolstoy (with a secret sigh of relief that death stilled the voice of the great accuser) so have also the priests—here and there—spoken with sympathy of Tolstoy, and characterized him as a real Christian. If they were sincere, they must admit that the Christianity which they themselves represent, is false. Their Church is the most bitter contradiction of Tolstoy's conception. If the latter was right in his interpretation of the teachings of Jesus, then the Church is wrong. In that case her priests can be considered only as charlatans and impostors.

Tolstoy himself thus speaks regarding the attitude of the Church to the gospel of Christ:

"Strange as it may sound, the churches have always been not merely alien but downright hostile to the teachings of Christ, and they must needs be so. The churches are not, as many think, institutions that are based on a Christian origin and have only erred a little from the right way. The churches are arrogance, vio-

lence, usurpation, rigidity, death. . . . The Church yielded to the world, and, having yielded, followed it. The world did everything that it chose and left the Church to hobble after as well as it could with its teachings about the meaning of life. The world led its life, contrary to Christ's teaching in each and every point, and the Church contrived subtleties to demonstrate that in living contrary to Christ's law men were living in harmony with it. And it ended in the world's beginning to lead a life worse than the life of the heathen, and the Church's daring not only to justify such a life but even to assert that this was precisely what corresponded to Christ's teaching."

Indeed, the Church had good reasons for condemning the teachings of Tolstoy and excommunicating him. We may rejoice that he was not hypocritically received back into the fold. Between such enemies war cannot cease.

\* \* \*

To call Tolstoy a Christian is remote and vague. In reality he was an Anarchist; nay, in spite of himself, even a rebel, and that notwithstanding his maxim that evil should not be resisted by force. Indeed, if his teachings would be applied, we should have the Social Revolution to-morrow.

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## PROSPECTUS OF THE FRANCISCO FERRER ASSOCIATION

THE Francisco Ferrer Association has established a Center at 6 St. Mark's Place, New York. Here it has begun its work with Sunday and evening classes. At present it offers *three* courses: (a) Contemporary Literature, conducted by Bayard Boyesen of the Department of English and Comparative Literature at Columbia University; (b) Principles of Government, conducted by Gilbert E. Roe; Contemporary History—economic, political, etc.—conducted by Paul Luttinger. These courses are designed primarily for students of about fifteen to twenty years of age, but students of other ages will not be excluded. As, in order to be efficient, these classes must be limited in number, it would be well for those who desire to join them to

register immediately at the Ferrer Center. The price is fifteen cents per week. The money thus accruing will be used to cover the expenses of the Center.

The idea underlying the activities of the Ferrer Association in these courses, as in all other courses which it may offer, is: that education is a process of drawing out, not of driving in; that the child must be left free to develop spontaneously, directing his own efforts and choosing the branches of knowledge which he desires to study; that, therefore, the teacher, instead of imposing or presenting as authoritative his own opinions, predictions, or beliefs, should be a sensitive instrument responding to the needs of the child as they are at any time manifested,—a channel through which the child may obtain so much of the ordered knowledge of the world as he shows himself ready to receive and assimilate. Scientific, demonstrable facts will be presented as facts; but no interpretation or theory—social, political, or religious—will be presented as having in itself such sanction or intellectual sovereignty as precludes the right to criticise or disbelieve.

The word, then, that best describes the character of the Ferrer Schools is *libertarian*. Each pupil will be free to be his true self. The main object of the Schools is the promotion of the *harmonious development of all the faculties latent in the child*.

There will be no coercion in the Ferrer Schools. The teacher may well evoke, through his own enthusiasm and nobility of character, the latent enthusiasm and nobility of his pupils, but he will overstep the limits of his function as soon as he attempts to force the child in any way whatsoever. To discipline a child is invariably to set up a false moral standard, since the child is thereby led to suppose that punishment is something to be imposed upon him from without by a person more powerful, instead of being a natural and unavoidable reaction and result of his own acts.

May the pupil in the Ferrer Schools learn to develop as an individual through knowledge and the free play of characteristic traits; to be a social being, through his intercourse with his fellows.

In following out these ideas, which have never been completely employed save by Ferrer, Tolstoy, and Se-

bastian Faure, we shall not ruthlessly throw aside all that educators have learned. Thus, in classes made up of very young children, we shall use many of the devices now used almost everywhere by teachers in the primary grades, such as: language and number work with objects, geography work with sand, manual training with clay, etc., etc. But, though we shall accept what we can from past experience, we shall employ all methods and materials only as they tend to promote the self-expression of the child.

When the Day School is opened, it will present the following subjects:

I. Composition:

- 1) Original themes on topics chosen by the pupils from experiences in their own lives.
- 2) Stories and sketches suggested by the imaginative or actual experiences of the pupils.

Note: Grammar and spelling will be taught by consultation of teacher and pupil. Grammar and rhetoric will be evolved from the work of the students.

II. Reading: Selected stories, myths, etc.

III. Mathematics:

- 1) Arithmetic.
- 2) Geometry and algebra.

IV. History:

- 1) History of our own times.
- 2) General History, dealing with dramatic periods and incidents illustrative of the main movements and epochs of history.
- 3) Other courses to be announced later.

V. Social Evolution:

- 1) History of Civilization.
- 2) Economic problems of our own time.

VI. Science:

- 1) A general course presenting the scientific point of view and the chief achievements of science. Elementary experiments by the pupils.
- 2) a. The story of the earth.  
b. Geography.
- 3) Origin and development of man.
- 4) Other courses as they may be required.

VII. Physical Education:

- 1) Games to be conducted in a public park or playground.

Note: In bad weather the windows of the class room will be opened at the end of every hour, and the students will be asked to take breathing exercises, etc., for a few minutes.

- 2) Hygiene: Weekly talks on personal health to classes chosen according to the age of the pupils.

#### VIII. General Discussion.

A course for the discussion of any ideas or problems suggested to the pupils by their experiences at home, in school, or elsewhere.

The Francisco Ferrer Association will add to these courses as their means permit and as the students show a desire for further study.

In conducting a school of the kind outlined herein, the Association finds itself greatly handicapped in two ways. In the first place, there are few, if any, wholly impartial text-books in the English language. It is therefore our purpose to translate and to edit, and, when necessary, to compose adequate text-books presenting the knowledge of the world in a simple and unprejudiced manner. These would be valuable not only for our own schools, but for the many people who, writing to us from all parts of the country, ask what books they can properly use in carrying on the Modern School. The other difficulty is financial.

After a very careful consideration of our needs, we have estimated that an efficient Day School can be conducted if we have a guarantee of five thousand dollars. Until we procure that sum and thus insure the running of the School for at least a year, we do not feel that it would be fair to our prospective pupils to ask them to join our classes. Evening and Sunday work can be conducted by teachers who desire no salary, but a Day School must have teachers who use *all* their time for their pupils and who must, therefore, give up any other means of supporting themselves. Besides this, there are to be considered the rent of the building, the equipment of the School, and the cost of publishing text-books.

In order to raise this money we have issued \$5.00 and \$1.00 Certificates, which can be used toward the payment of tuition for any child, or to secure our text-books.

The Certificates can be procured from the Treasurer, Mr. Bolton Hall, 29 Broadway, New York City.

In putting our Prospectus before the public, we appeal to all thinking men and women. We appeal especially to radicals,—to Socialists, Anarchists, Single Taxers, Free Thinkers. We believe that all agitators, all radicals of whatsoever belief, can and should combine in affording to children the opportunity to develop into free men and women, capable of facing life in all its problems and complications and of giving bountifully of their efforts to the world. At least, those who work with us can be sure that we are not like the Public Schools, flattening, shaping, and hammering children into mere screws to hold firm the capitalistic machine.

Give us your help and let us start a FERRER DAY SCHOOL in September, 1911.

THE FRANCISCO FERRER ASSOCIATION,  
BAYARD BOYESEN,  
*Secretary.*

\* \* \*

## ON THE TRAIL

**A** GAIN on the Trail. Whatever obstacles and hardships it may offer, it is never monotonous. Each day brings new experiences, which after all are the only spice of life.

Racing with Twentieth Century madness during the last two months in New York, in order to bring out "Anarchism and Other Essays" and to assist in the inauguration of the Ferrer Center, I kept busy every minute, leaving New York directly from the Francisco Ferrer meeting of January 5th, without even an opportunity to take leave from my dear coworkers.

Our annual tour opened in Rochester the following night. The meeting left much to be desired in point of numbers, but the audience was good and serious-minded, which was evident both from the intense interest in the lecture on Tolstoy and the eagerness for literature, of which a considerable amount was sold. The most valuable result, however, was the unusually splendid reports in the papers of January 7th. The struggle of twenty years to clear away the misconceptions regarding Anarchism has not been in vain if it has helped to gain respect-

ful, serious treatment at the hands of some newspapers. Buffalo is still held in awe by the McKinley spook, which is specially invoked by the Catholic Church and the press whenever I come to the city. Certainly, there are few towns in the State of New York so absolutely reactionary as Buffalo, which accounts for the lack of interest in radical ideas of any sort.

The meetings were poor, but the liberality and generosity of a small group of friends helped to make the chill less penetrating. Especially do I cherish the visit with Dr. Gustav and Jean Pohl, as one of the few joys of my propaganda life. Their fine hospitality, their splendid simplicity and freedom from all cant quite made me forget the poverty of numbers at our meetings.

But the Trail is before me, and I must not halt. We go from here to:

Pittsburg, Pa., January 11—14.

Cleveland, O., January 15, English lectures afternoon and evening in Pythian Temple.

Cleveland, O., January 16, Jewish meeting.

Columbus, O., January 17 and 18, meetings at Red Lion Hall, 335½ S. High St.

Cincinnati, O., January 20, 21 and 22, at Odd Fellows Temple; January 22 two lectures, afternoon and evening.

Indianapolis, Ind., January 23, 24 and 25, to begin a free speech campaign.

The police still think that a tour without interference would lack charm. Therefore His August Highness, the Chief of Police of Indianapolis, decided not to let me speak.

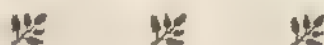
January 27th I shall be at Dayton, O., my first visit in that city. January 29th at Toledo; two meetings, afternoon and evening, at Meredith Hall. January 31st, February 1st, 2d, 3d and 5th in Detroit. Three meetings will take place at Stabblers Hall, 257 Beaubien St. February 3d (in German) and February 5th, afternoon and evening (English) at Freeman's Hall, 292 Hastings St. February 4th we will again face the wrath of the students at Ann Arbor. Our friends in Detroit, who value propaganda above personal grievances, will aid the meetings materially by the distribution of cards. The latter can be called for at the printer's, Mr. Dreier, 149 Monroe

Ave. February 6th and 7th we mean to visit Jackson, February 8th and 9th Grand Rapids, both new cities on our list. February 12th—19th we will be in Chicago, holding meetings at Hodcarriers Hall, Harrison and Halsted Sts. February 12th, lectures in the afternoon and evening; also February 13th, 14th, 15th and 16th. February 17th I will speak in Jewish, February 19th two meetings in English, halls to be announced later. Our Chicago friends desirous of making my lectures known, can get cards by mail or in person from Dr. J. Greer, 52 Dearborn St.

The Trail is long, and urgently calling. There is hard and earnest work to do for those who are willing. I shall be happy to co-operate with friends everywhere.

EMMA GOLDMAN.

P. S.—Mail will reach me in all cities per General Delivery.



## JUSTICE IN JAPAN

By HIPPOLYTE HAVEL.

THE fate of our Japanese comrades is still in the balance. The Supreme Court of Tokio is at present deliberating upon the case and a decision is to be expected soon. Will our friends fall victims to reaction? Will they suffer a sacrificial death?

It will not happen if we energetically continue the protests which have already assumed an international character. The government of Japan at first thought to ignore this protest movement; it had no conception to what dimensions it would grow. The appeal to international solidarity has found a mighty echo. The revolutionists of all countries instinctively felt that it was *their* cause which was being decided at Tokio, and that the condemnation of Denjiro Kotoku and comrades was a direct challenge to modern thought.

Will the government of Japan consider the international protest? It has at last been forced to break its silence and to issue an official statement, published by the leading papers of America and Europe. The gov-

ernment of the Mikado has evidently played what it thought a trump card by characterizing the condemned as Communist Anarchists. But it has merely succeeded in proving itself barbaric and brutal; nay, more—very stupid. We have never asserted the contrary regarding our condemned comrades; indeed, in our original appeal we clearly stated that Denjiro Kotoku was an Anarchist, known in Japan as the leader of the "Kropotkinists." Every intelligent man who is conversant with modern social thought is aware of the fact that Kropotkin is not a monarchist. We are proud to count among our comrades a writer like Kotoku, a physician like Dr. Oishi, an artist like Takeda, or a translator like Miss Sugano-Kano. The twenty-six condemned represent the intellectual element of Japan, among them being workingmen, farmers, artists, physicians, and three Buddhist priests.

The whole statement of the Japanese government is quite one-sided. It has purposely omitted to mention the fact that not only Anarchists, but also over two hundred Socialists are languishing in Japanese prisons since June of last year. The French Socialist daily, *L'Humanité*, publishes a letter received by Jean Longuet from S. Katayama, the leading Socialist of Japan, in which he relates the series of terrible persecutions and oppressions to which the Japanese Socialists are being subjected. Katayama implores Longuet to lift up his voice against the brutal treatment of the Japanese Socialists, and to assist them in their terrible struggle. He begs him to give it the utmost publicity all over the world.

In the face of these facts the spokesmen of the Japanese government, Messrs. Masujiro Honda and Tsunego Baba, of the Oriental Information Bureau, declare in the *Oriental Economic Review* (Vol. I, Number 3) that "a political persecution is impossible in Japan." But other prominent Japanese quite disagree with Messrs. Honda and Baba. Count Hayashi, former Minister of Foreign Affairs, is one of seven scholars and publicists who contribute a group of strong articles to the *Taiyo* on Socialism. Count Hayashi goes so far as to assert that the policy of the Minister of Education, aimed at the suppression of Socialist publications, is narrow-minded,

dangerous, and inadequate to attain the object intended. The other six contributors, while censuring the "Anarchistic tendency" of Japanese Socialists, warn the government not to take any measure which will virtually drive the radicals and discontents into underhand agitation. One contributor, Mr. Inukai, a leader of the opposition party, holds the government itself responsible for the present dangerous tendency of the Socialist movement in Japan. The police authorities put every Socialist under such strict espionage, he says, that his friends and relatives are forced to shun him in order not to be suspected by the police of being in sympathy with Socialism.

The official statement of Japan further lays particular stress on the legality of the procedure against Kotoku et al. Let us hear what an impartial observer has to say regarding the alleged legality.

Mr. Robert Young, the editor of the *Japan Chronicle* (a capitalist publication appearing in Japan), declared in an interview with a representative of the *London Daily News*, published in that paper December 9, as follows:

It is necessary that your readers should understand that in Japan the preliminary court, whose investigations are always secret, gives a decision on a case which virtually amounts to a verdict (it is really a finding), but it cannot sentence. There must follow a public trial, and after the public trial there can be an appeal to the higher court, and still another appeal is permissible from that court's decision to the Court of Cassation, whose decision is irrevocable.

Now, in the case of these twenty-six Socialists, it must be clearly understood that so far they have only been examined by the preliminary court, and that instead of having the three public trials to which they are entitled, their case is to go at once to the Court of Cassation—this court will try them to-morrow—from whose decision there is no appeal.

I cannot understand this departure from the law of the land; it is both unconstitutional and unprecedented. Nor is this all. I understand that the Court of Cassation will try the twenty-six men and women in camera so that they are to have no public trial, and no chance of appeal, and we shall never know the facts. Since these people have been arrested they have had no opportunity whatever of placing their case before the public.

On the other hand, when they were arrested, instructions were sent to every newspaper in Japan—my own included—that no mention whatever was to be made either of the arrest or of anything connected with the arrest. This did not prevent the Japanese police authorities from shortly afterwards giving interviews to Japanese newspapers in which the authorities made the

most serious charges against those arrested, though even then there was no mention of there being any plot against the Imperial House.

Messrs. Honda and Baba do not merely seek to justify the action of their government. They attempt to strengthen their case by blackening the characters of the condemned. Till recently Mr. Honda masqueraded as a libertarian among the radical elements of New York. But now he has revealed himself in his true colors. And his colleague, Mr. Baba, is fitly stigmatized by his reply to the protest of Miss Alice Stone Blackwell in the *Boston Transcript*. He states that the condemned "practised some of the doctrines of communism of property on their friends and thus totally alienated all sympathy. The conduct of the female Socialist (Miss Sugano-Kano) in particular was such that the Japanese women could not speak of Socialism without a blush."

Mr. Baba could not have selected a surer means of branding himself a liar and defamer. Only a scoundrel of the lowest type would stoop to such calumny of a noble woman on the threshold of death. What would the civilized world think of a man who would thus slander a Perovskaia or a Spiridonova?

In answer to these calumnies we can say of Kotoku, Dr. Oishi, and Miss Sugano-Kano—with whom we have been in correspondence—that they are noble and beautiful characters. We do not stand alone in that opinion. Mr. L. Fleishman, of Pasadena, who was war-correspondent in the Russo-Japanese war, related at a protest meeting in Los Angeles his visit to Kotoku and the cordial welcome he received at the homes of our Japanese comrades. Kotoku he described as the leading poetical writer of Japan, equal in literary style to the best writers in other countries, as unassuming and gentle as a lady.

Sasha Kropotkin Lebedeff, the daughter of our beloved comrade, Peter Kropotkin, writes to us:

"My father thinks that, judging from what Kotoku used to say in his letters to him, Kotoku is far more of a teacher than a man of violent action. He is evidently a highly educated man and a deep thinker. I myself had some correspondence with him about the translations of my father's book, 'Fields, Factories, and Work-

shops." He must be an exceptionally gentle and courteous man, and he often wrote about the desperate conditions of the Japanese peasants. 'No land, no food—a few grains of rice only,' were his words."

How desperate is the case of the Japanese government is further evidenced by its tampering with the mails. It is guilty of breaking the international postal agreement in reference to the sanctity of private correspondence. Letters sent from America and Europe to persons suspected in Japan, are confiscated by the government and their contents examined. The government is straining every effort to suppress the truth regarding the condemned.

We hope that the friends of liberty will not cease their efforts in behalf of the intended victims. Should the government of Japan succeed in this dastardly plot, the struggle for social and economic emancipation would receive a terrible blow. We must save Kotoku and his friends.

\* \* \*

### **TO MOTHER EARTH**

By MARY QUINLAN LAUGHLIN.

*O Mother Earth, while cooling winds are sighing  
And soothing drooping flower and wilting leaf,  
Unnumbered human flowers are slowly dying  
With no relief.*

*No fair winds fan the human flowers bending  
Above the flying spindles of the loom;  
But parching thirsts and painful tasks, unending,  
Are made their doom.*

*Slave-bound by Greed, afraid and self-forsaking,  
Through wondrous tasks they seem to fairly fly!  
Before their time, with heart and temples aching,  
They droop and die.*

*Although their soulless masters find them willing  
And boldly claim the wealth their labors yield,  
Behold! these broken flowers are daily filling  
The Potter's Field.*

*And while Cathedral Chimes are sweetly ringing  
Beneath a heaven smiling and serene;  
Behold! the kind of tribute we are bringing  
The Nazarene.*

*Close to the altar rail, with hymnals guiding,  
The moneyed madams flaunt their sordid pride,  
While in the rear the friendly shades are hiding  
The Crucified.*

*In one dark aisle a victim crouches, nursing  
A starving babe that tugs her empty breast;  
And now and then her bloodless lips are cursing  
The richly dressed.*

*While polished priests are old requests renewing,  
While strains of sacred music fall and swell,  
Made mad by want, her mental sight is viewing  
A seething hell.*

*While still the air with frankincense is reeking,  
When proud and portly dames are homeward whirled,  
Turned from "God's House," the homeless ones go  
seeking  
The "underworld."*

*In that sad world (of Mammon's evil making)  
The deaf will hearken and the blind will see,  
And while the few are from the many taking,  
That world must be.*

*And those blind powers that keep the masses bleeding—  
Their creeds will crumble and their systems fall;  
And Labor's reign will bless mankind by heeding  
The needs of all.*

*The while we watch our dauntless comrades sowing  
The seeds of truth in furrows dark and deep,  
We know that happy eyes will watch the growing,  
The while we sleep.*

*And while increasing hosts are loudly voicing  
The rights of every child of human birth,  
Close in their wake we wend our way rejoicing,  
O Mother Earth.*

—The Public.

## TOUR IMPRESSIONS

By VOLTAIRINE DE CLEYRE.

MY preceding report was written on the morning of the 18th of October, as I knew I should scarcely have time to report the final meeting in Buffalo, which was to be held that evening. It took place, as I said, in the parlor of the Iroquois Hotel before the "International Progressive Thought League," the subject being, "The poor ye have always with you."

Probably the best result of this lecture was the excellent report given in the *Buffalo Times*, in which mention was made of standard works to be read on Anarchism, which I had recommended in response to an inquiry from the audience. A sort of side result of the lectures in Buffalo was the controversy between the defenders of Catholicism, or, rather, anti-Ferrerism, and the defenders of the memory of the great martyr in the public press. No doubt some will have been led by it to study the facts in the Ferrer case, and the knowledge of the Modern School movement will be by so much widened.

My next experience was in Cleveland, where every arrangement had been made to hold an excellent memorial meeting Oct. 21. Had it not been for the storm which at the last moment fell furiously upon us, I am sure we should have had a crowded meeting; as it was, even in spite of the drenching, one hundred and twenty people were in attendance,—*wet*, but *enthusiastic*. A feature of the meeting was the exquisite singing of the old Irish revolutionary song, "The Wearing of the Green," and our well-beloved "Annie Laurie," around which floats forever the memory of Albert Parsons' voice; the singer, Mr. H. R. Carr, put something more than artistic voice-culture in his work,—a soul! A few excellent words were spoken by Prof. Bourland of one of the Cleveland universities,—an explanation of conditions in Spain, and to some extent the psychology of the Spaniard. It appears to me the most primary part in the understanding of the Ferrer movement is to understand these conditions. I learned that a foreign priest, sitting in the audience during my speech, became so

angry that he went out to "get a policeman to arrest me." However, he did not return. I infer he was angry because I told the truth about the Catholic Church in Spain, of whose character he was likely ignorant.

The following Sunday the Cleveland Freethought Society extended to me the courtesy of their platform, and an excellent meeting, very well attended, interesting, warm, and homelike, was held. I observed with regret that a number of the Anarchists in attendance showed some tendency to preserve the old narrow excommunicative spirit of the one-time "Boston Anarchists,"—one going so far as to declare that "no Communist could be an Anarchist." It made me feel that I was living some twenty years back, in the days when we held that our own particular economic gospel was the only "road to freedom," and whoever did not hold it was bound to the perdition of authority.

These were the only meetings held in Cleveland. Several of the larger dailies gave interviews, one of which, in the *News*, was excellent; and one in the *Press*, was execrable; the latter, I believe, not because of the policy of the paper, but the incompetence of the reporter. There is a decided tendency at present to interview everybody as to his or her opinion concerning the teaching of sex-hygiene to the young in the schools. Each reporter in turn gravely put me the question, I felt like crying out, "Shades of Moses Harman! what have I lived to see?" But while it is worth while to make use of the opportunity to give the attitude of Anarchists on this important subject, I very much fear that the present movement, commendable as it is in its motive, has been undertaken by the wrong persons. I fear we shall have, instead of physiological knowledge in the schools, a fresh crop of restrictions, laws, moral suasion, and sentimental twaddle. However, the question is to the fore; and let believers in science and in freedom use every chance to express themselves while it lasts.

On the 26th I spoke in Toledo, to a very small audience, on "The World at Play." The comrades who arranged the meeting made what in my opinion was a grave error by charging a 25 cent admission. I would like to say, as a suggestion for future workers, that to

charge such a price for any lecture of mine is both a business and an ethical mistake. I am not well enough known to the general lecture-going world to justify such a price for purely financial considerations; and in the second place, it is very distasteful to me to find that Anarchism, in my name, is associated with any such price,—a price fairly prohibitive to those whom I most wish to address. I do not wish to censure my Toledo comrades for having thought otherwise; but I think their experience demonstrated their mistake.

Detroit was a resting place. Our meeting on October 29th was simply a club-meeting, only semi-public. We discussed the General Strike, and the discussion was the most interesting I have heard since the famous discussions heard everywhere during the actual General Strike in Philadelphia last March.

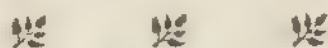
And this brings me to a point upon which I am always in doubt, and upon which I should like an expression of opinion from other speakers. I am, on principle, in favor of "the open meeting" after the lecture; i. e., throwing the meeting open to question or remark by whosoever will. I have always argued that it is better to have the people speak, even if they speak folly, than to remain dumb recipients of the speaker's utterances, like pew-holders in a church. I have, however, over and over again been compelled to see the effect of an excellent lecture spoiled by a very foolish discussion, or pretence at discussion. In my own meetings I have sat patiently—no, rather very impatiently—through rambling, disconnected fooleries about every subject under the sun except the lecture. Usually, those who get up at public meetings are not persons who want to put a question, or know how to put a question; but persons who are either fanatics on some unrelated subject, which they drag in; or mildly insane persons; or persons who want to protect the speaker from chivalry, courtesy, or some other laudable feeling which is, nevertheless, out of place.

Such has been the generality of my experience on this trip. At the Detroit club-meeting, however, I found a genuine, earnest, to-the-point discussion. No doubt we all talked more or less nonsense, too; but no more than is in the normal latitude of the subject. We were

to talk of the General Strike; and we did; and no one talked of anything else; and many took an earnest and feeling part.

Thinking it over, I am asking myself whether this is not the real place for genuine discussion. Of course, I see the objection: How then shall we ever get a stimulation of thought among outsiders?

But *do* we get it through the public after-lecture discussion?



## WHAT IS WORTH WHILE?

By ADELINE CHAMPNEY.

(*Conclusion.*)

WE often seem to forget that man is an emotional creature as well as a reasoning being. But in truth our feelings are the important things in life, not our ideas. It is our feelings which impel us to action; our thoughts merely restrain. Even our judgments ultimately rest on feeling. Prof. James puts it in this way: "Our judgments concerning the worth of things, big or little, depend on the feelings the things arouse in us. Where we judge a thing to be precious in consequence of the *idea* we frame of it, this is only because the idea is itself associated already with a feeling. If we were radically feelingless, and if ideas were the only things which our minds could entertain, we should lose all our likes and dislikes at a stroke, and be unable to point to any one situation or experience in life more valuable or significant than any other."

In this alleged reign of reason we are apt to overlook this fact. It is frequently remarked how thin is the veneer which civilization has laid upon the primal savage. When a serious crisis arrives, the veneer cracks and the savage appears. And the whole effort of civilization seems to be, not to develop and improve the savage, but to thicken the veneer. Surely society would be more secure if the savage were not veneered at all.

The whole structure of society must rest either on conflict or on confidence, and confidence is not born of veneer. Any system of education which relies upon the imposition of ideas rather than the development of indi-

vidualities must result in a hypocrisy which is none the less demoralizing for being well-intentioned; a hypocrisy which destroys confidence, understanding, comradeship and social stability. For the foundation of social stability is the co-operation of spontaneously acting individuals. Restraint is the essence of our governments, and largely the aim of our education, but restraint is not power but the denial of power. Expression is the vital thing, expression of feeling; and the function of restraint is intellectual, the preservation of balance. Reason is normally the handmaid of feeling, developed by the endeavor to fulfill our desires. To discount our emotional life and attempt to live by intellect alone is to dehumanize ourselves just as surely as to abdicate reason and live from impulse alone is to brutalize ourselves. The well-developed individual is he whose impulses and desires are so well-balanced and harmonized that he secures the greatest amount of spontaneous self-satisfaction with the least friction; and the road to this is self-discipline, that self-discipline the true function of which is the freeing of our impulses, and their co-ordination into efficiency and power.

The conduct of life is a matter of valuations, and since our valuations are dependent upon our feelings rather than upon our reason, there must always be a wide variation between the valuations of individuals. Hence it is impossible to be dogmatic, and to limit the activities and the affiliations of the Man Awake. Living is not a matter of conformity but of personality. There are many Men Awake, and while they may travel together for a time, they must part company somewhere, for each man must live his own life. Even the closest are separated by an impassable gulf, and "in the hour of our bitterest need, we are ever alone." This isolation of individuals in the human race, a species in which each member is more utterly dependent upon his fellows than in any other, is one of the most remarkable of paradoxes. Indeed, self-reliance is an eminent social virtue, but self-limitation is a pitiful individual weakness. This distinction can hardly be too strongly emphasized. The finest type of human development is strongly self-centered, but the self-limited individual is deficient in essential humanity, for man is a social being, not merely a gregarious

animal. He does not merely hunt in packs like the wolves, nor herd together for protection like weaker animals; but before man was possible a species of social creatures had appeared, who, living together, sharing in weal and woe, and especially through close association in play, developed a community of feeling which taught them speech and thought and made them the ancestors of the civilizations. One never understands what it is to be human, one never realizes his own individuality until he has gone back across the ages to study his origin, and followed the long, long journey upward. From that hour with the primitive human-like folk, he comes closer in touch with the heart of humanity, feels the great genetic forces which inhere in the race, thrills to the urge and the uplift of human progress. The glory of human joy and the bitterness of human misery press upon him, enter his soul and become one with him. He has thought of himself as belonging to the human race; now he suddenly feels that the human race belongs to him; he has found himself in humanity and humanity in himself. There is no need to talk to him of human brotherhood; he has come closer than brotherhood. The "greatest good of the greatest number" sounds like empty words to the sound of his own heart throbs.

Can anyone come close to the origin and history of his kind, and yet feel satisfied? Is he not poor with the poverty of the poorest and lonely with the desolation of the outcast? So long as some must be cold and hungry and wretched, are there not tears in all his joy, and thorns in all his luxury? Does he not feel with Ernest Crosby—

"Bitter to eat is the bread that was made by slaves.  
In the fair white loaf I can taste their sweat and tears.  
My clothes strangle and oppress me; they burn into my  
flesh, for I have not justly earned them, and how  
are they clad that made them?"

My tapestried walls and inlaid floors chill me and hem me  
in like the damp stones of a prison house, for I ask  
why the builders and weavers of them are not living  
there in my stead.

Alas! I am eating of the fruit of the forbidden tree, the  
tree of others' labor!"

Can anyone find humanity and find himself and not

become a revolutionist? I cannot. I declare that greater than custom and convention, greater than the laws of the land, greater than schools and philosophies, is the need of human joy. I declare that it is my business to increase it. With Traubel I say—

“Now I am at last relentless,  
I declare that the social order is to be superseded by  
another social order.

I know the quality of your folly when you go about  
the streets looking in the dust of noisy oratory  
for the complete state.

I know very well that when the complete state  
appears it will be because you bring it to others,  
not because others bring it to you.

And I know that you will bring it, not as a burden  
upon your back, but as something unscrolled  
within.”

For who is society but myself and yourself and all  
selves? And what is human joy but my joy and your  
joy and the joy of each? And every joy of mine and  
every joy of yours and every joy that you or I can  
bring to any, all are so much added joy in the world.  
For how shall humanity rejoice while you and I are  
sad?

They tell us much of the social nature of the individual, but they forget to tell us of the individual nature of society. But I tell you that society is myself and yourself and every other self. Shall I serve society by spelling it with a capital? Shall I serve society by lying prostrate before it? Shall I serve society by waiting for it to push me forward? Society does nothing, it is I who do things. It is true that without society I can do nothing, but it is as true that without me—without every individual me—society can do nothing. Let us have done with the worship of society, for at the last there are but men and women, selves, separate and distinct but interdependent. And society progresses only as these progress. And society is great and good and prosperous and happy only with the greatness and goodness and prosperity and happiness of these men and women.

The most and the least which society demands of us is that we be ourselves. We speak of the race-

ideals, but the race-ideals are of value to me only as I make them mine, my very own; as I follow them, love them and live them for myself. Then, only, does my living them become of value to my greater self, the social whole. The man in whose being a race-ideal becomes, as it were, focussed, becomes from that moment a veritable savior, a leader and maker of history and social destiny; and he becomes this just in the measure of the independence of his thought and action. It is often remarked that great men are the product of their time, expressions of the mass of society; but the significance of this may be easily misconstrued. These men represent the whole by emerging from it; the measure of their greatness, aye, the measure of their service, is the completeness with which they rise above the mass of their fellows. The men who have spoken out the inarticulate desires of the masses, who have become the voice of a great human cry, the right arm of a great human purpose unto action, have been men whose individuality was of the sturdiest and sternest; men who first and foremost have thought their own thoughts and lived their own lives, even unto condemnation and disinheritment at the hands of the very people whose saviors they were. The will of the people is interpreted, is put into action, is brought to fruition, by those individuals of the people who come out from among the people with the fearless and invincible determination—"My will be done!"

We cannot all be saviors, but the impulses which these men personify and concentrate into action are the discontents, the yearnings, the purposes of individuals, and no mystic emanation of the mass as a mass. And as time passes there are more and more individuals and smaller and smaller inarticulate "masses." The day of the inert mass is passing; the day of the individual is about to dawn, and you and I are either helping or hindering.

I come to you to-day with the question, "What is Worth While?" and I answer it boldly,—*"Myself!"* My own life! And all I demand for myself I accord to you, gladly and with a comrade-word of good cheer,—Freedom to live it to the full.

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